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1875

WORDS OF THE SONGS

TO BE SUNG AT THE

GRAND JUBILEE

OF

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN,

HELD IN THE

New Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, July 24th, 1875,

BEING THE

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

ENTRANCE OF THE PIONEERS INTO SALT LAKE VALLEY.

PROFESSOR C. J. THOMAS, - CONDUCTOR.
JOS. J. DAYNES, - - - - ORGANIST.

Capt. Beezley's Martial Band will be in attendance.

PUBLISHED BY THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

GEO. Q. CANNON, Gen'l Sup't. GEO: GODDARD, Ass't Sup't.
JOHN B. MAIBEN, Secretary. WM. McLACHLAN, Treasurer.

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New Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, U. T., July 24th, 1875.

COME JOIN OUR CELEBRATION.

Come join our Celebration, with hallowed songs of joy,
And on this bright occasion your sweetest notes employ.
Parents and friends invited, and teachers now are here,
In purpose all united our youthful hearts to cheer.

CHORUS:—

Come join our Celebration with hallowed songs of joy,
And on this bright occasion your sweetest notes employ.

Thanks to the God of heaven, kind Guardian of our race,
For all the favors given beneath his smiling face;
For health and strength and reason, and friendship unalloy'd.
And every pleasant season in Sunday Schools enjoyed.

CHORUS:—

Thanks for the kind protection God's arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection He causes to abound
In those who're watching o'er us with many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to restore us to peace and heav'nly joy.

CHORUS:—

May God with many a blessing reward their toil and care,
And hear them while addressing His throne in fervent prayer!
And may His love constraining, our youthful spirits bow,
And grace for ever reigning, our inmost souls endow.

CHORUS:—

OUR OWN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

There's a theme for the old and the young,
That is worthy the pen of a sage;
It is sounding from every tongue,
And emblazoned on history's page.

CHORUS:—

'Tis our own Sunday School!
Let it echo from every tongue!

"Feed my lambs," said the Savior, of old,
Keeping guard lest the wolves should assail;
We know they are cunning and bold,
If we're watchful they cannot prevail.

CHORUS:—

The power of the Priesthood shall stand,
And prevail o'er the land and the sea;
King Jesus will take the command,
And the earth from all evil be free.

CHORUS:—

THE FESTAL DAY.

Old and young are here assembled who attend the Sabbath School;
Let the young to-day remember that good order is the rule.
Cheerful hearts and happy faces, one and all look blithe and gay;
We have met to sing God's praises, on this gladsome festal day.

CHORUS:—

Listen to our cheerful voices;
Parents, teachers, join our song.
We'll unite in singing praises
That will please the heavenly throng.
Listen! Listen! Oh, Listen!

We are the children of the kingdom, and we love the ways of truth.

We will grow in truth and virtue, being taught thus
from our youth,
Then, dear playmates, let's be happy, in the cause of
doing right,
And we'll gain a crown of glory, that will shine both
pure and bright.

CHORUS:—

Let us each and all endeavor to obey the laws of God,
Love our teachers, love each other, and escape the
chastening rod;
Then we'll grow good men and women, and will bless
the happy day
That the Sabbath School we 'tended, and were taught
to watch and pray.

CHORUS:—

LAND OF THE BLEST.

We sing of the land of the blest,
We talk of the Saints' home of rest,
Of its joys we all are impressed,
But what will it be to be there?
Of its joys we all are impressed
But what will it be to be there?

To share in the joys of that land,
Shake each of our friends by the hand,
And unite with the holy band,
That's what it will be to be there.
And unite with the holy band,
That's what it will be to be there.

Then strive children strive to meet there
Be fervent and constant in prayer;
Then its heavenly light you'll share,
And know what it is to be there.
Then its heavenly light you'll share,
And know what it is to be there.

THANKS FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Thanks for the Sabbath School, hail to the day
When evil and error are fleeing away;
Thanks for our teachers, who labor with care
That we in the light of the gospel may share.

CHORUS:—

Join in the jubilee, mingle in song,
Join in the joy of the Sabbath School throng;
Great be the glory of those who do right,
Who overcome evil, in good take delight.

Now in the morning of life let us try
Virtue to cherish, all vice to decry;
Strive with the noble in deeds that exalt;
Battling with energy each childish fault.

CHORUS:—

May we endeavor thro' life's devious way
To watch and be sober, true wisdom display;
That we may o'ercome each temptation and snare,
The gospel's salvation eternally share.

CHORUS:—

SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

Youth's sky of blue is o'er us, Life's fields are blossoming;
Our hearts in joyous chorus their song of Friendship sing.
No goodly gift of heaven is half so pure and rare,
As this to mortals given, of Friendship true and fair.

CHORUS:—

No time nor change shall sever
Bright Friendship's golden chain,
For ever and for ever
The shining links remain,
Yes, the shining links remain.

Youth's sky may be o'er-clouded, life's fields grow brown and sere,
And all in gloom be shrouded, ere flies the fleeting year.
But Friendship's sunlight gleaming, shall shine athwart the gloom;
And Friendship's blossoms beaming, for us shall fadeless bloom.

CHORUS:—

So clasp in perfect union each faithful heart and hand;
Let Friendship's high communion now bless our meeting band.
Fair Friendship calls us hither; for us hath she entwined,
In flowers that never wither, fair garlands of the mind.

CHORUS:—

TEMPLE SONG.

Lo! a Temple, long expected, in St. George shall stand;
By God's faithful Saints erected here, in Dixie Land.

CHORUS:—

Hallelujah! hallelujah! let hosannahs ring;
Heaven shall echo back our praises, Christ shall reign
as King.

Th' noble task we hail with pleasure, coming from our
head,
Brings salvation, life eternal, for our kindred dead.

CHORUS:—

Holy and Eternal Father, give us strength, we pray,
To Thy Name to build this Temple in the Latter-day.

CHORUS:—

Oh! how anxious friends are waiting, watching every
move
Made by us for their redemption, with a holy love.

CHORUS:—

Hell may rage and Satan tremble, still that house we'll
rear,
Heaven will aid us, angels guard us, we've no need to
fear.

CHORUS:—

WESTERN EMIGRANTS.

We cross the prairie as of old the Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West as they the East—the homestead of the free.
We go to rear a wall of men on Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton tree the rugged northern pine?
Hurrah, hurrah! The rugged northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills as our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our motherland is on us as we go.
We go to plant her common schools on distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild the music of her bells.
Hurrah, hurrah! The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the ark of old, the Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God against the fraud of man.
We'll sweep the prairie as of old our fathers swept the sea,
And make the West as they the East—the homestead of the free.
Hurrah, hurrah! The homestead of the free.

THE STANDARD OF ZION.

O Saints have you seen o'er yon mountain's proud height,
The day star of promise so brilliantly beaming?
Its rays shall illumine the world with its light:
And the ensign of Zion exultingly streaming
All nations invites to walk in its light,
And join to maintain the proud standard of right.
The standard of Zion! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Our motto is peace, and the triumph of right,
And we joyfully hail the Millennial dawning,
When man can emerge from a long dreary night
And bask in the sunbeams of Zion's bright morning.
The white flag so rare, still floating in air,
Proclaims 'mid the mountains that peace is now there;
Let the standard of Zion eternally wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Though earth and its treasures should melt in the fire;
The planets be riven with the trumpet's loud thunder;
The sun-light of heaven wax dim and expire,
And the veil of eternity parted asunder;
Yet firm and unshaken the truth shall remain,
And the heirs of the priesthood for ever shall reign;
And the standard of Zion eternally wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

TUNE "AMERICA."

Our God, we raise to Thee
Thanks for thy blessings free
We here enjoy
In this far western land;
A true and chosen band
Led hither by thy hand,
Would sing for joy.

So shall thy kingdom spread,
As by thy Prophets said,
From sea to sea;
As one united whole
Truth burns in ev'ry soul
While hast'ning to the goal
We long to see.

O may thy Saints be one,
Like Father and the Son,
Nor disagree;
United heart and hand,
So may they ever stand,
A firm and valiant band
Eternally.